

for my brains in the  
event of my death. Therefore,  
I came up with the  
following list of uses to

which my brain may be put  
after my death or  
perhaps even before:  
(1) a floor mop, (2) a

wobbling lighter than air  
balloon, (3) the protagonist  
of Luis Buñuel's latest  
movie. That's it, that's

all, just three possibilities  
for my brain. Perhaps that's  
why it's difficult to drool  
saliva into syllables. But

before I become an over-the-hill  
poetry editor & gag on a sestina,  
let me drool some saliva for  
you & finish up this poem.

#### CHIMAERA TAKE TWO

They say that death stands  
to your left and you can  
feel its presence by a  
chill. I wonder if

Chopin felt its chillness?  
I wonder if it was cold  
and ball-like? I wonder  
if he waited for it

to strike out? Oh well,  
all I can do is wonder  
because any further speculation  
on my part, would be just that,

speculation. Also, it would  
probably be consciously poetic  
and would do nothing more  
than fill up another stanza.

Perhaps when I feel that final  
chill and glimpse that  
spectre to my left, it  
would be better if I

were pickled in alcohol  
in a large economy size  
miracle whip jar, rather  
than face those grubs,

and placed on the  
shelf beside  
c, the speed  
of light.

-- Kirk Robertson

Trinidad CA

ISADORA

insane insane insane  
heavy intense alive  
strangled to death

CYCLES

return the saint to his temptation  
time and time again  
after he has settled that  
once and for all

curtain flapping gently  
autumn morning wind  
sunlight shadowed on the old elm tree  
tea steeping on the kitchen table  
and I must go to work

KEROUAC

sadness and alcohol and going  
and then writing about going  
with sadness  
never relieved by alcohol

-- Richard Dillon

Tempe AZ